



MELISSA WILL HAVE NO MEGILPS ABOUT THE HOUSE.

Mrs. Merriwid took off her big, fuzzy hat and sent it skimming to theavenport, with her habitual, careless ease, and then slipped out of her long fur coat, revealing a costume that elicited a little squeal of astonishment from her maternal maiden aunt Jane. It was certainly bizarre in coloring and remarkable as to its draping, that costume.

"You don't mean to say you wore that, Melissa?" said Aunt Jane.

"I certainly did, darling," replied Mrs. Merriwid. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, for no reason in particular, my dear," said Aunt Jane; "only you won't mind my saying that I hope you kept your coat on."

"Dearie," returned Mrs. Merriwid, equably, "I never mind anything you say. I know that even your harshest criticisms of my conduct are uttered wholly and solely for my good and with a view to my improvement. All the same, loved one, your remark betrays the fact that you are hopelessly Philistine and have never made a serious study of the clinging and the cadaverous in art. I'm afraid, dearie, you don't even know what art is."

"Perhaps I don't," said Aunt Jane, snappily.

"Well, don't lose any sleep over it, loved one," said Mrs. Merriwid. "There are whole communities in the same fix. I gather from what Mr. Me-

thing but gasp and look at them with dumb pleading eyes. But he deserved it. He ought to have known better. To even mention Malignood in the presence of Mr. Megilp, not to speak of Mr. Blivvy and Mr. Klem and Mr. Blodman, who were also present, was honestly about the limit. Even I know better than that."

"I'm sure I wouldn't," said Aunt Jane.

"Auntie, dear," said Mrs. Merriwid. "That vandal Malignood paints his things just the way they are. He isn't ashamed to have green grass and blue sky in his landscapes, and his sheep actually look like sheep, and when it comes to the female form divine, he'll make curves when he could just as well do them in straight lines and angles. Then he uses either brushes or a palette knife to apply his paint, instead of a plasterer's trowel, and the worst thing of all is that he sells his pictures for real money and quite a lot of it. Just to look at the man you'd know him for the panderer to a de-based taste that he is. He might be a stockbroker or a banker for all the distinction there is in his dress. As different from dear Mr. Megilp with his cunning blonde beard and his loose flowing peacock-blue necktie as anything you can imagine. Auntie, just think how perfectly lovely it would be to own a being in brown velvet like Mr. Megilp, to sustain and inspire him and pose for him and tie his neckties and soothe his agitated spirits when a

WOMAN FEELS 10 YEARS YOUNGER

Since Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.

Louisville, Ky.—"I take great pleasure in writing to inform you of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I was weak, nervous, and cared for nothing but sleep. Now I can go ahead with my work daily and feel ten years younger than before I started taking your medicine. I will advise any woman to consult with you before going to a doctor."—Mrs. INIZE WILKINS, 2229 Bank St., Louisville, Ky.



Another Sufferer Relieved. Romayor, Texas.—"I suffered terribly with a displacement and bladder trouble. I was in misery all the time and could not walk any distance. I thought I never could be cured, but my mother advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I did. I am cured of the displacement and the bladder trouble is relieved. I think the Compound is the finest medicine on earth for suffering women."—Mrs. VIOLA JASPER, Romayor, Texas.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

PREATTY NAMES FOR BOOKS Real Old-Time Titles Sound Decidedly Strange to the Eye of the Reader Today.

The following are some of the curious titles of old English books: "A Most Delectable Sweet Perfumed Noddy for God's Saints to Smell At."

"Biscuit Baked in the Oven of Charity. Carefully Conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation."

"A Sigh of Sorrow for the Sinners of Zion Breathed Out of a Hole in the Wall of an Earthly Vessel Known Among Men by the Name of Samuel Fish" (a Quaker who had been imprisoned).

"Eggs of Charity Layed for the Chickens of the Covenant and Bolled With the Water of Divine Love. Take Ye Out and Eat."

"The Spiritual Mustard Pot to Make the Soul Sneeze With Devotion."

Most of these were published in the time of Cromwell.—London Strand.

PIMPLES ON FACE AND ARMS

411 Howard St., Dayton, Ohio.—"About a year ago my face, neck, arms and back were beginning to become afflicted with pimples and blackheads. My pimples would get very large and appear to come to a head. If I tried to open them the pain would be terrible, but nothing could be taken from them. They itched very badly; I suffered terribly from itching. After scratching, the pimples would swell and after the swelling was gone my face would become very red and remain so for some time. My clothing caused the itching to be worse. When it was warm it was utterly impossible to sleep."

"I used a cream and the more I used the worse they got. Shortly after, I read the advertisement of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and determined to use them. The itching stopped almost immediately. This was about three months ago and I am entirely cured now." (Signed) Miss Marguerite E. Jacobs, Jan. 13, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Nothing To It.

"I believe in calling a spade a spade."

"Guess you might as well. I've never been able to pass one off for a diamond or a heart."

Very Much So.

"I have a soft job."

"What is it?"

"Making feather beds."

His Species.

"I'll bet that crooked looking fellow is a bird."

"I know it. He's a stool pigeon."

The Vehicle.

"Jags was carried away at the performance last night."

"By delight, or in the patrol wagon?"

An Oklahoma inventor's corn planter is light enough to be carried in the hand, yet will sow the grains evenly and cover each with soil.

Their Turn Now.

Father—"I am sorry to have to say, my son, that from what I hear about town you must be running into debt." Son—"You are mistaken, sir. I am already in debt; my creditors are doing all the running."

BISHOP'S POINT WELL MADE

Rebuke to Which It is Hard to See How the Curate Could Make an Answer.

Bishop Oliphant of Llandaff had a well-to-do young man as curate who had rather sporting instincts. He kept his own horses and always drove tandem. The bishop disapproved, and decided to administer a rebuke on a favorable opportunity. Both the bishop and the curate, each driving in his own way, met near the historic Cow and Snuffers. The bishop, of course, was driving two abreast, and the curate tandem, as usual.

"I really must protest," said the bishop, "at your driving about in such a manner."

"Well, my lord," said the curate, "you are driving two horses, and so am I. What is the difference?"

After a few moments' reflection Bishop Oliphant replied:

"If, when you are at prayers at the cathedral, the congregation placed their hands in the same position as you have placed your horses what would become of the dignity and solemnity of the service?"—London Mail.

Quiet English Parish.

The tiny parish of Clannaborough, North Devon, England, a little village, has a population of only 42, so that baptisms, marriages and burials are not very frequent. The other week the first marriage ceremony for 15 years took place, but even then the couple were not parishioners, the bride coming from St. Austell, the bridegroom, whose home is at Exmouth, being the rector's brother-in-law.

Speak Louder.

An old farmer in Ayrshire had a habit of feigning deafness when he wanted to avoid answering an awkward question. One day a neighbor said to him:

"I'd like to borrow your cart this morning; mine is having a spring mended."

"You'll have to speak louder," the old farmer answered. "I don't hear very well—and I don't like to lend my cart, anyhow."—Glasgow Spy.

Plaint of a Plant.

"But, your honor, my wife won't let me work."

"Won't let you work?"

"No; I got a job last week, and she made me quit."

"What kind of a position was it?"

"At the burlesque theater, sitting in the audience where a soubrette could come down twice a day and kiss me."—Judge.

Their Two Industries.

Vacational (at seaport town)—What do you do here in summer?

Native—Loaf and fish.

V.—And in the winter?

N.—We cut out the fishin'.

In the Stilly Night.

Country Innkeeper—Did you hear the fight out in front about one o'clock this mornin'?

New Yorker (wearily)—Yes. It put me to sleep!—Puck.

Remarkable.

Frost—Sometimes one runs across his friends in the most unexpected places.

Snow—True. Yesterday I found Agnes at home.

In Condition.

"I don't feel quite well, doctor. Do you think I could go to a coffee party this afternoon?"

"Certainly, miss. Your tongue is all right."—Flegende Blaetter.

No Contortionist.

Fat Man—Did you give them a good shine?

Bootblack—Sure, sir. Look for yourself.

Fat Man—I'll take your word for it.

Bulky.

"That fat man over there used to be a page in the Senate."

"A page, eh? Well, he's grown into a volume now."

Tommy's Hands.

Ma—Tommy, did you wash your hands this mornin'?

Tommy—I washed one of them, mother. The other didn't need it.

A Steady One.

"There is one enterprise into which everybody manages to get."

"What is that?"

"The directory."

His Idea.

Coed—I don't think clothes makes the man!

College Man—Nor I. I think it all depends on the cigarettes he smokes.

Rejected.

He—Be mine and you will make me the happiest man in the world.

She—I'm very sorry; but unfortunately I want to be happy myself.

"Eternal punishment" may be the price of being too poor to buy a divorce.

The fit pleasures of youth become misfits in after years.

Some young men would rather love and lose than never love at all.

Had His Goat, Evidently.

A Springfield man, replying to his wife's petition for divorce, says: "Defendant states that the plaintiff is much better qualified than the defendant to carry her part in nagging contests; that she commands a better and more extensive vocabulary than the defendant, and simply overwhelms him with her complaints and reproaches, and she was so master of her feelings that she could readily pass from storm to sunshine, from abuse to tears, from harsh language to tenderness, and from nagging plaintiff could upon the appearance of a third person so readily become all smiles and suavity that her sudden and complete changes of moods completely bewildered defendant."—Kansas City Star.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle 15c.

An Echo.

Susie (age six)—And when we grew up we'll be married, won't we, Bobbie?

Bobby (sadly)—No, Susie, I can't marry into your family. Your papa has weak eyes and your auntie has spasms.

She Knew.

Bookkeeper—If I asked the boss to raise my salary, what do you think he would say?

Stenographer—Mr. Penner, I am a lady—I never even think such things!

Not What She Expected.

Ferdie—You are not like most of the other girls I know.

Sylvia (very softly)—No?

Ferdie—No, indeed! The others tan, but you freckle!—Puck.

Contradictory Pleasure.

"What do you think his wife considered his giving her a square deal?"

"What?"

"Taking her on a round of amusements."

Poverty of Idea.

Madeline—Why, Mrs. Benaway; are you back?

Mrs. Benaway—Yes, dear; are you?

—Judge.

Knocking, as a profession, is badly overcrowded.

WHENEVER YOU NEED A GENERAL TONIC - TAKE GROVE'S

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic is Equally Valuable as a General Tonic because it Acts on the Liver, Drives Out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. For Grown People and Children.

You know what you are taking when you take Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic as the formula is printed on every label showing that it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It is as strong as the strongest bitter tonic and is in Tasteless Form. It has no equal for Malaria, Chills and Fever, Weakness, general debility and loss of appetite. Gives life and vigor to Nursing Mothers and Pale, Sickly Children. Removes Bileousness without purging. Relieves nervous depression and low spirits. Arouses the liver to action and purifies the blood. A True Tonic and sure appetizer. A Complete Strengthening. No family should be without it. Guaranteed by your Druggist. We mean it. 50c.

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Sure cure and positive preventive, no matter how horses at any age are infected or exposed. Liquid, given on the tongue, acts on the Blood and Glands, expels the poisonous germs from the body. Cures Distemper in Dogs and Sheep and Chills in Poultry. Largest selling live stock remedy. Cures La Grippe among human beings, and is a sure Kidney remedy. See and fit a bottle, 15c and 30c a dozen. Put this out. Keep it. Show to your druggist, who will get it for you. Free Booklet, "Distemper Cures and Cures." Special Agents wanted.

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